

The Evening World.

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POLITICAL SCARES.

The long-heralded political scare is supposed to be here. There is a shaking of heads and there is an appeal for money. Wall street pockets become empty and plutocratic check books grow thin when an election scare is on.

If there is to be a genuine Bryan scare this year it will have to be based upon the terrors of long ago. Mr. Bryan and his party did frighten a good many people in 1896, but many things have happened since then. Not the least noteworthy of these is the fact that we have had a Republican President who, in office, has been quite as violent as Mr. Bryan ever was out of office. He has made us familiar with disorder and alarm. For some years past we have breakfasted upon arbitrary deeds, dined upon the menace of revolution and supped upon favoritism.

It would hardly be worth while to go back many years for the purpose of raising up the Bryan ghosts when the chances are that we should be frightened out of our wits by the nearer and more horrifying shapes of Rooseveltism. A Bryan scare and a Roosevelt scare together would be more than the country could stand this year.

Mr. Bryan is not running for the Presidency on the old issues, but Mr. Roosevelt has an amiable Proxy in the field who indorses everything that the present Executive has done, the bad as well as the good, and the false as well as the true. (1) Mr. Roosevelt is the only President who ever seriously proposed to the courts that the judicial and executive departments join hands for the overthrow of the Legislature. (2) He is the only President who ever said to Congress that if it passed certain laws he would ignore them, and that if it refused to pass other laws he would do as he pleased anyhow. (3) He is the only President who ever made a practice of condemning people without trial or who ever denounced the courts for upholding the law. (4) He is the only President who ever sent for a Harbinger to raise campaign funds or who ever rewarded a Cortelyou with a Cabinet office. (5) He is the only President who ever assumed to give powerful men like Gary and Frick of the Steel Trust permission to violate law, as they did when they took over the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company.

If we are to have a political scare let it be based upon our detestation of wrong and violence and injustice of every description, and not upon a few manifestations of these evils.

WORTH MORE THAN MONEY.

A correspondent of an esteemed contemporary complains bitterly of the great cost of agitation. Contested elections, the recounting of ballots, insurance investigations, inquiries into the mismanagement of banks and trust companies, the overhauling of Jerome and such matters certainly do call for the expenditure of considerable money. Even the administration of justice in the courts is expensive. But who shall say that the money is wasted?

There is a crusty conservatism in this new country which would make some of the ancient Tories of England feel like radicals. Where did it come from? How did it get here? It is always well satisfied with things as they are. The most that it can ever be persuaded to concede to progress is to admit that reform might be desirable if it were only worth the money.

Once upon a time a representative of this class was moved by some mysterious dispensation of Providence to make a handsome contribution to a worthy object. The man who passed the subscription paper was telling of his success. "I raised the money easily," he said; "everybody was generous. Jones gave \$50, Smith \$25, Robinson \$20 and so on, and even old Crow gave me \$100. What do you think of that?"

The thing to think of conservatism when it runs into muckbackism is this: It defeats its own object. It makes a laughing stock of itself. It loses most of the pleasure of life. It gets itself hated. It usually gets run over. If by accident or mistake it ever does believe itself and perform a noble deed it receives no credit.

Agitation in worthy causes leads to truth and knowledge and justice, and these things are worth more than all the money in the world.

BREAKING WINDOWS.

Asked in New York what he thought of the recent mobbing of the Duke of Connaught in Glasgow, Keir Hardie, the English labor leader said: "I think it was necessary to call the attention of Government to the neglect of the unemployed."

This is a phase of British politics with which Americans happily are unfamiliar. Mr. Hardie is not alone among conspicuous public men in that kingdom in justifying disorder. Gladstone and Disraeli did the same when it was enlisted in their behalf.

The British theory seems to be that when poor men have a grievance the most eloquent expression that can be given to it is to break all the show windows in the Strand, to upset some noble lord's carriage, to cave in the front door of some honorable member's house; or, as in the Glasgow case, to hoot some member of the royal family.

In this country the press and innumerable politicians may be depended upon to voice the complaints of any element, and no American Government is so infatuated with itself or so befogged in its own stupidity and reserve as to ask for an incipient revolution before it gives heed to popular wrongs. There is not much more demagoguery here than there is in England, either.

Letters from the People.

Inquire of City Comptroller.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it true that the city is to bring water through an aqueduct from Queens and Long Island to supply Brooklyn just the same as the one that is under construction from the Catskills at present? Also, is it true that the city has condemned property for the same? If so, when is work likely to start on it?
M. CAHILL.
307 East 102d street, N. Y. City.
Rudyard Kipling.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who is the author of "Gunga Din"?
RICHARD BUNNER.
Women in the Subway.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Of all the mean patrons of the subway women are the meanest. They give nobody quarter. One of them or two of them occupy cross seats and place their dress-out cases so that there is

no room for others to get into the seats. Do they shift the suitcases? Not they. It's none of their business that other passengers are inconvenienced by their parcels and packages. Yet hear them holler at the men hogs. G. O. M.

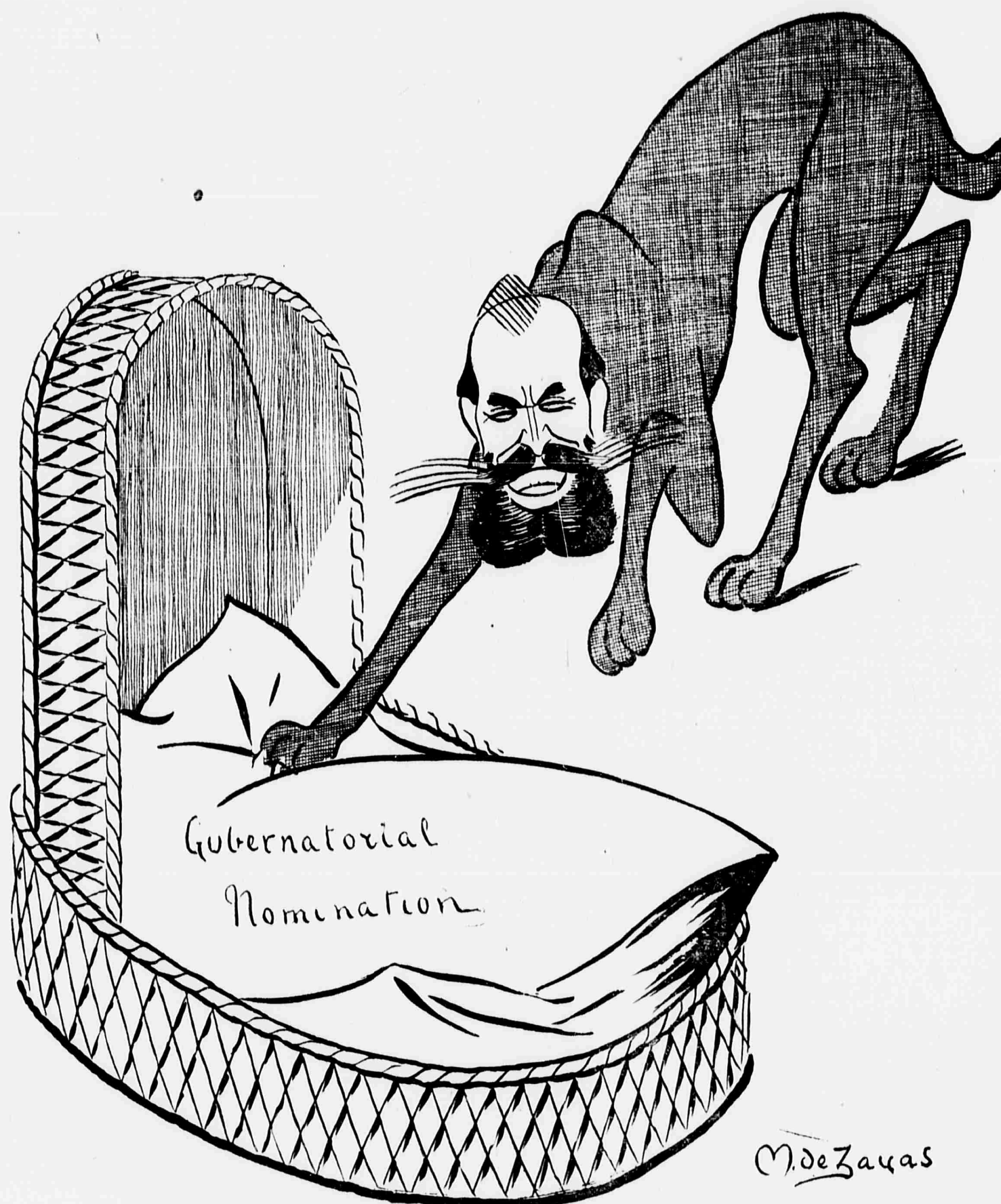
First Citizen Papers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am fourteen years in this country. I was born in Ireland. I never got my citizenship papers. Would you state in your valuable paper the best way and shortest time I can get them in?
W. J.

You must be eighteen years old to get first papers and then wait two years.

For Custom House Inspector.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I prepare for the examination of Custom House Inspector, and where can I obtain application blanks for same?
SAMUEL NUBBAYM.
Address U. S. Civil Service Commission, Custom House, etc.

And the Cat Came Back

By M. de Zayas.



Mr. Jarr Goes Home and Finds Mrs. Jarr in a State of Mind; He Tries to Cheer Her, but She Refuses to Be an Optimist.

By Roy L. McCardell.



ROY L. MCCARDELL

"WELL, how are you feeling this evening?" asked Mr. Jarr.
"Oh, much you care," said Mrs. Jarr dolefully.
"Would I have asked if I didn't care?" said Mr. Jarr.
"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's easy enough for you to come home and ask me carelessly how I am, but that doesn't mean anything."
"It means I asked, any way," said Mr. Jarr, somewhat indignantly. "If I came in and didn't say a word, then you might have some occasion for complaint."
"I'm not complaining. I never complain. You can do as you like. I have given up asking any questions," said Mrs. Jarr.
"Gee, you are in a nice, cheerful state of mind!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr.
"I am—I am in a decidedly cheerful state of mind!" said Mrs. Jarr quickly. "But if you had been through with what I have been through this day you would not be. It's very easy for you to come home from the office, where everything is made easy for you, and you haven't any cares or worries, and start in at me because you are in a bad humor about nothing."

"I never said a word except to ask you how you were," said Mr. Jarr with commendable patience.

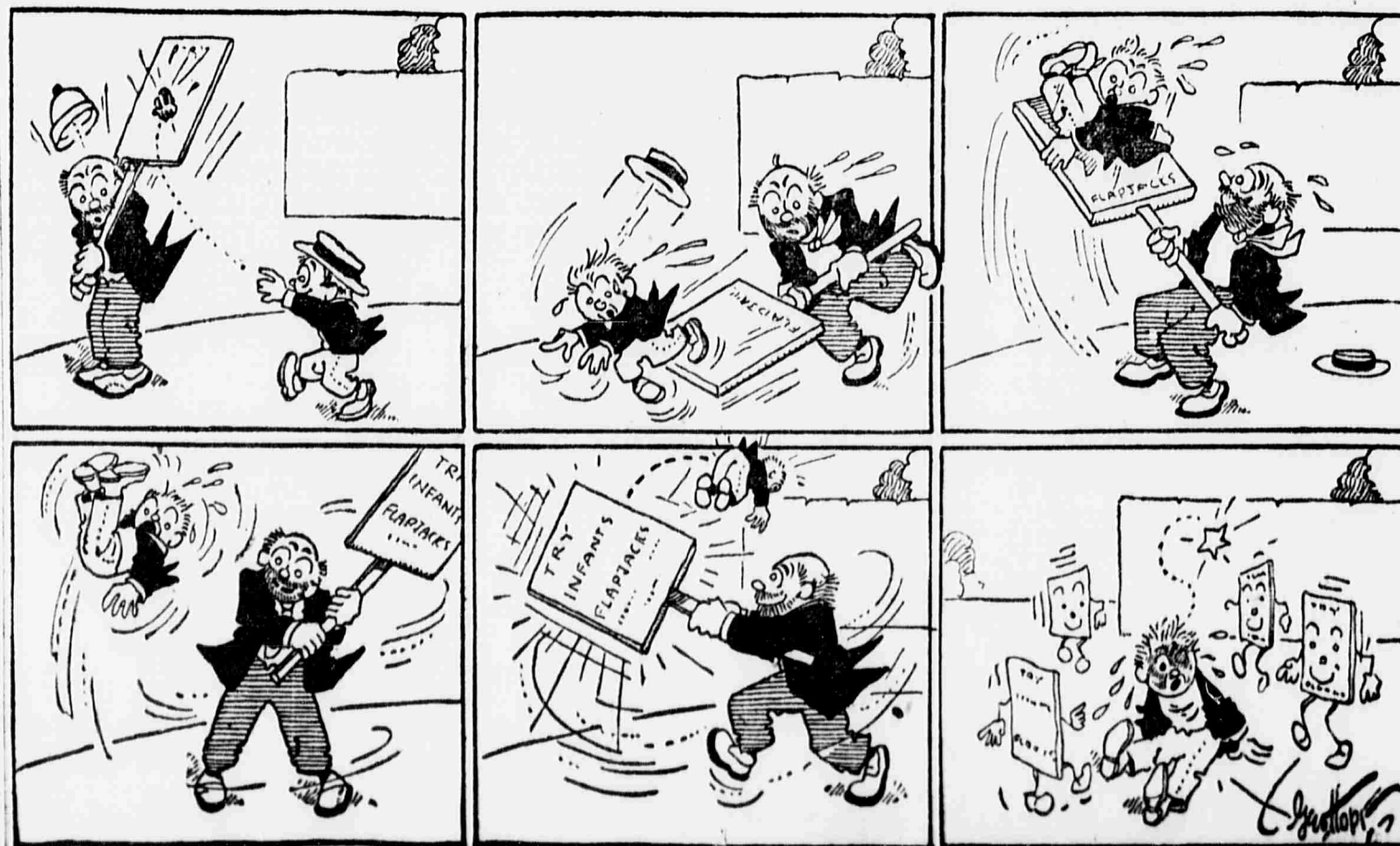
"And I said, 'Much you care,'" replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Now, you know I don't care, I ask it again," said Mr. Jarr.
"I don't say you don't, and I don't say you do," said Mrs. Jarr. "All I know is that you can't trust a man nowadays."
"Well, you should know about this man in this time, these days or any days," said Mr. Jarr. "We've been married long enough. Why talk to me as if I were a total stranger?"
"Huh!" said Mrs. Jarr significantly. "You're almost a total stranger. I see very little of you. But if you are trying to pick a quarrel with me, when you see I'm all nervous and upset, you can do so, but I wish you wouldn't, for I have a terrible headache."
Mrs. Jarr really did not have a headache. This is the first explanation of wives who are cranky without knowing why they are.
"I'm sorry you have a headache. Shall I get you something for it," asked the good Mr. Jarr.
"Oh, you needn't put yourself to any bother," said Mrs. Jarr mournfully. "I'll have a cup of tea soon, and then maybe it'll be all right, and if I am not, oh, well, never mind!"
"Children get off to school all right?" asked Mr. Jarr to change the subject.
"Oh, I suppose so," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I was ashamed to send them. They haven't a thing to wear, and how I'm to get them school clothes and school shoes, I do not know. Sure!"
"Were they glad to start to school again?" asked Mr. Jarr.
"No, they were not," said Mrs. Jarr, "and the way Willie carried on and Emma crying and fretting so, it's no wonder I'm all upset. I wish there was no such thing as school!"

"But you were wishing school would begin again because it would get the children out of your way for a while every day," suggested Mr. Jarr.
"I never said anything of the kind," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure they learn nothing these days at school except bad manners!"
"I'm sorry they worry you," said Mr. Jarr. "Where are they now?"
"A little girl next door has a birthday, and after they came home they went there, and haven't come back yet!"
"Then they couldn't have been much trouble to you today," said Mr. Jarr.
"Mrs. Jarr gave him a look as if to imply that he didn't know what he was talking about. "Maybe you don't know the girl is going to leave?" she asked.
"Oh, that's what's the matter is it?" asked Mr. Jarr.
"Oh, it doesn't make any difference to me," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's just one of the things one has to expect."
"Well, to-morrow is another day, and you can get another girl, and the children will get used to going to school and your headache will pass away!" said Mr. Jarr, patting her on the back. "Come, be an optimist!"
"You don't have the worry of it," said Mrs. Jarr, "and it's easy enough to talk!"
Just then Mrs. Jarr called her up on the telephone, and told her that her new dressmaker had ruined a dress for her.
"Did you ever hear a woman who fussed and complained about every little thing like she does?" said Mrs. Jarr as she came away from the telephone.
"What would you do if you had a peevish wife like that?"

A Story With Quick Action

By George Hopf



TWELVE PET LIES OF HUSBANDS TO WIVES.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

No. VII—I Was Kept Late at the Office.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

MANY persons have pondered the question as to why Eve ate the apple. It doesn't seem to have occurred to any one that it was to provide her husband with a decent excuse for staying away from her.

For until man was compelled to earn his living by the sweat of his brow he had no office. And until an office was granted him, he had no apology for remaining away from home that a self-respecting wife could accept. With the institution of the working day came his emancipation. However, once permitted to wander from his own fireside, he was able to exercise all the ingenious resources of his brain to delay the hour of his return. Now, date he quarrel with the hour in which his favorite fiction was born? "I was kept late at the office." Even the telephone no longer believes it. Yet how confidently he murmurs it into the helpless mouthpiece.

He knows it isn't so. She knows it. He is perfectly aware of her incredulity. And just as men contend, to whom it is impossible to tell the truth. And they are empty justified in saying so.

The fatality which upsets her to call him up at 4 o'clock, only to learn from the office boy that he has gone for the day, and which does not add to the plausibility of the tale of "extra work," he telephone at 7, does not worry him, either. Why should it? Just let him catch her catching him in a lie, and he'll assume a three days' attitude of righteous indignation, dimming gradually into lofty forgiveness, that will make her sigh for the amiable Annulus she knew of yore, and be duly grateful when she gets him back.

Yet the husband is not always to be blamed for the telling of this, his isn't so. Moreover, he is perfectly aware of her incredulity. And just as men contend, to whom it is impossible to tell the truth. And they are empty justified in saying so.

One cannot blame severely a husband who tells a harmless untruth rather than submit to the wifely third degree which some mortals have to meet every evening after they go home.

"Where have you been?" "What kept you?" "With whom did you luncheon?" "Then what did you do?" &c.

It is far better to wait and let him bring forth little excuses, printed and nicely indexed of his own accord. Furthermore, it is likely to contain more truth than all the damaging admissions that can be wrung from him.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland



HELEN ROWLAND

TO a man, the most fascinating woman in the world is the one whom he has almost, but not quite, kissed.

A man is never so doubtful about whether or not a woman will reciprocate his love as he is about whether or not he wants her to.

A woman never has a charitable thought for one of her husband's old sweethearts, but a man always has a tender fellow-feeling for all the others who so narrowly escaped his own fate.

Michael Angelo in his most inspired moments never felt the thrill of triumph nor acted half so haughty as the husband who has just finished painting the piazza rocker.

A modest woman knows that it is often not her accursed beauty, but her accursed plausibility, that makes men stare after her so interestedly.

A man can persuade a woman to do almost anything if he can only make her think he thinks she wouldn't.

Real love may make a husband devoted and attentive, but real fear is sometimes just as effective in that direction.

A little nagging is a dangerous thing.

Cos Cob Nature Notes.

PEOPLE around here are beginning to worry about flying machines. We have been pushed off the road by the automobiles and our mouths stopped with dust, as Omar says, until we are all sore, and now comes a new nuisance. It is possible, of course, to keep out of the way of an airplane if you are quick enough, and we have all become a bit spry after the manner of the old-time circus ringers. Even Bill Peck became a bit spry after the manner of the old-time circus ringers. Even Bill Peck became a bit spry after the manner of the old-time circus ringers.

With the help of 33 Republican delegates, the Hon. James F. Walsh has concluded to remain our Permanent Selectman, County Judge, State Senator, and anything else where a handy man is needed. But 144 delegates sympathized with the effort to take him from us. A man named John Quincy Wilson will have to face the sulphurous Cannon's mouth in Washington, unless the Democrats wallop him.

The Republicans are beginning to rehearse the pleasant song, which begins: "We Love the Gentle Lark."

President Mellen has just completed some important improvements at the Cos Cob depot. The plankings between the tracks, where passengers are not allowed to walk, has been renewed, and a big splinter has been cut out of the platform. We are all grateful for the attention.

On Sundays the automobiles scoot past on the post road at the rate of one a minute from nine A. M. to seven P. M. This makes six hundred going by in one day. We figure that each has an average value of \$3,000, which would be equivalent to having \$1,800,000 worth of machines going through our midst every Sunday.

We have had a good deal of moon lately, and this has spoiled the eeling. Eels can't be speared when the moon is around. Eel spears lure them from the depths with lanterns, so that on bright nights there is nothing doing.

The Temporary Selectmen, who always take an interest in Cos Cob just before town election, have covered the sidewalk to the station with crushed stone. The citizens are expected to pack it down with their feet. Franklin Clarkin, Assistant Secretary of the City Club in New York, refuses to help us with his feet and walks out in the road. That is the way with Mugwumps. They always want smooth going.

A "Divorce City's" Woes.

By George Fitch.

AS a matter of fact, Sioux Falls is getting pretty tired of the divorce business, anyway. There was a time when it was the pride of the city, and practically the only money seen in that wind-swept section was brought there by divorcees with freckled pasts and spangled futures. They were welcome then. They made things howl, and Sioux Falls, being glad of the noise, wasn't particular about the tune. But the city has grown up in the past few years. There are other buildings now, taller than the Cataract Hotel, says George Fitch, in the American Magazine. There are citizens richer than the divorcees, who have automobiles of their own and who spend money which isn't so odorous. There are other ways of getting rich and other sights more instructive than naughty fragments of busted families. The divorce is still a sight and a diversion, but he is also a nuisance. Strangers insist upon finding out all about him instead of learning the more permanent resources of the great northland. Embarrassing mistakes are made and disagreeable jokes are related with gusto by careless visitors. It is irritating to the Sioux Falls promoter who wants to tell his customers the inexhaustible quarry of pink granite from which all Sioux Falls is built, to have to stop and explain that the nice-looking woman across the street is not a divorcée from the East, but his own daughter, and that he himself has never been divorced. No, sir. Not once! These things fill Sioux Falls with the same kind of humiliation that the rich man feels when some one alludes to the beautiful pawnshop sign which was once his pride before he graduated into banking.

Little Items of Big Interest

Dean Russell, of the University of Wisconsin, has selected Mrs. Scott Durand to lead the movement for effecting pure milk legislation.

The deepening and lengthening of the Annapolis River has made an island out of Cape Cod.

It is said that the use of an oil or gas engine on the farm results in a saving of from 30 to 50 per cent. as compared with horses.

England owns 60 per cent. of the mileage of submarine cables, the United States coming next with 18 per cent., and France next with 9 per cent.

The annual amount paid in interest to depositors in Australian Government banks in 1906-1907 was \$5,000,104, against \$4,200,546 in 1905-1906.

The Governor of Cuba, who was elected Aug. 1, will hold office until 1912.